

TRANSLATION;

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A

P O E M.

By THOMAS FRANCKLIN, *k*
Fellow of *Trinity-College*, CAMBRIDGE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for R. FRANCKLIN in *Covent-Garden*, and
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TRANSLATION

OF THE

OF THE

M.

BY THOMAS THOMSON

Author of "The Elements of Algebra"

L O N D O N :



[Price of the book]

Printed for R. D. B. by R. D. B.

TO THE
Right Honourable the EARLS of
GRANVILLE,
CHESTERFIELD,
AND
ORRERY,

The best Judges of antient Learning,

AND
Most distinguish'd Patrons of modern Merit;

The following LINES are humbly inscrib'd,

BY

Their LORDSHIP'S

*Most obedient and most
devoted humble Servant,*

THOMAS FRANCKLIN.



TO THE

Right Honourable the EARL OF

GRANVILLE

CHANCELLER

OF THE

ORDER

The two Judges of ancient Learning

AND

The two Judges of modern Learning

The following Lines are humbly inscribed

BY

THOMAS FRANKLIN

Esq. and Fellow of the Royal Society

London

THOMAS FRANKLIN

TRANSLATION;

A P O E M.

SUCH is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
That few, but such as cannot write, Translate,
So DENHAM sung, who well the labour
knew:

And an age past has left the maxim true.

Wit as of old, a proud imperious Lord,

Disdains the plenty of another's board;

And haughty Genius seeks, like Philip's son,

Paths never trod before, and worlds unknown.

Unaw'd by these whilst hands impure dispense

The sacred streams of antient eloquence,

B

Pedants

Pedants assume the task for scholars fit,
And blockheads rise interpreters of wit.

IN the fair field the vet'ran armies stand,
A firm, unconquer'd, formidable band,
When lo! Translation comes and levels all;
By vulgar hands the bravest heroes fall.
On eagle's wings see lofty Pindar soar;
Cowley attacks, and Pindar is no more.
O'er Tibur's swan the muses wept in vain,
And mourn'd their bard by cruel Dunster slain. 20
By Ogilby and Trap great Maro fell,
And Homer dy'd by Chapman and Ozell.

IN blest Arabia's Plains unfading blow
Flow'rs ever fragrant, fruits immortal grow,
To northern climes th'unwilling guests convey, 25
The fruit shall wither, and the flow'r decay;

Line 18. *Cowley attacks, &c.* Nothing can be more contemptible than the translations and imitations of Pindar done by Cowley, which yet have had their admirers, in an Age not quite so sagacious as our own.

Lin. 20. See Horace's Epistles, Satires, and Art of Poetry, and the Essay by S. Dunster, D. D. Prebendary of Sarum.

Ev'n so when here the sweets of Athens come,
 Or the fair produce of imperial Rome,
 They pine and sicken in th'unfriendly shade,
 Their roses droop; and all their laurels fade. 30

THE modern critick, whose unletter'd pride,
 Big with itself, contemns the world beside,
 If haply told that Terence once cou'd charm,
 Each feeling heart that Sophocles cou'd warm,
 Scours every stall for Echard's dirty page, 35
 Or pores in Adams for th'Athenian stage;
 With joy he reads the servile mimics o'er,
 Pleas'd to discover what he guess'd before;
 Concludes that Attic wit's *extremely low*,
 And gives up Greece to Wotton and Perrault. 40

O U R

Lin. 31. *The modern critic, &c.* Les belles traductions (says Boileau) sont des preuves sans réplique en faveur des anciens, qu'on leur donne les Racines pour interpretes, & ils sauront plaire aujourd'hui comme autrefois. Certain it is, that the contempt, in which the ancients are held by the illiterate wits of the present age, is in a great measure owing to the number of bad translations.

Lin. 36. See Adams's prose translation of Sophocles.

Lin. 39. *Extremely low.* A favourite coffee-house phrase.

Lin. 40. *Wotton and Perrault.* See Wotton's discourse on ancient and modern learning, and Perrault's defence of his Siècle de Louis XIV.

O u r shallow language, shallow'r judges say,
 Can ne'er the force of antient sense convey;
 As well might Vanbrugh ev'ry stone revile
 That swells enormous Blenheim's awkward pile;
 The guiltless pen as well might Mauro blame, 45
 For writing ill, and fallying Arthur's fame;
 Successless lovers blast the maid they woo'd,
 And these a Tongue they never understood;
 That Tongue, which gave immortal Shakespear fame,
 Which boasts a Prior's and a Thomson's name; 50
 Gracefull and chaste, which flows in Addison,
 With native charms, and vigour all its own;
 In Bolinbroke and Swift its beauties shine,
 In Rowe's soft numbers, Johnson's nervous line,
 Dryden's free vein, and Milton's work divine. 55

B U T, such, alas! disdain to borrow fame, 55
 Or live like dulness in another's name;
 And hence the task for noblest souls design'd,
 Giv'n to the weak, the tasteless, and the blind,
 To some low wretch who, prostitute for pay,
 Lets out to Curll the labours of the day, 60

Lin. 46, *Arthur's fame*. See Blackmore's king Arthur, an heroic poem.

Lin. 63. *To Curll, &c.* Most of the bad translations, which we have of
 eminent authors, were done by garreteers under the inspection of this gen-
 tleman, who paid them by the sheet for their hasty performances.

Careless who hurries o'er th' unblotted line,
 Impatient still to finish and to dine;
 Or some pale pedant, whose encumber'd brain
 O'er the dull page hath toil'd for years in vain,
 Who writes at last ambitiously to shew
 How much a fool may read, how little know;
 Can these on fancy's wing with Plato soar?
 Can these a Tully's active mind explore?
 Great nature's secret springs can these reveal,
 Or paint those passions, which they ne'er cou'd feel?
 Yet will they dare the pondrous lance to wield,
 Yet will they strive to lift the seven-fold shield,
 The rock of Ajax ev'ry child wou'd throw,
 And ev'ry stripling bend Ulysses' bow.

THERE are, who timid line by line pursue, 75
 Anxious to keep th' Original in view;
 Who mark each footstep where their master trod,
 And after all their pains have miss'd the road.

THERE are, an author's sense who boldly quit,
 As Ham'd to own the debt of wit; 80

C

Who

Lin. 75, 79. *There are*, &c. The reader will easily recollect instances to illustrate each of these Remarks, more especially the last; half our translation gives a most faithful and accurate rendering of the original.

Who leave their fellow-trav'ler on the shore,
Launch in the deep, and part to meet no more.

SOME from reflection catch the weaken'd ray,
And scarce a gleam of doubtful sense convey,
Present a picture's picture to your view,
Where not a line is just or feature true;

THUS Greece and Rome, in modern dress array'd,
Is but antiquity in masquerade,
Disguis'd in Oldsworth's verse or Watson's prose,
What classic friend his alter'd Flaccus knows?
Whilst great Longinus gives to Welsted fame,
And Tacitus to Gordon lends his name,
Unmeaning strains debase the Mantuan muse,
And Terence speaks the language of the stew:

... being done from translations by such as were never able to consult the original. One of these gentlemen having occasion in his version to mention Dionysius of Halicarnassus, not having the good fortune to be acquainted with any such writer, makes use of the French liberty of curtailing, and without scruple calls him Dennis of Halicarnassus. Mistakes as gross as this often occur, tho' perhaps not many altogether so ridiculous.

Lin. 91. See Welsted's translation of Longinus, done almost word for word from Boileau.

Lin. 92. *Is Gordon.* ... This gentleman translated Tacitus in a very stiff and

IN learning thus must Britain's sons decay,
 And see her rival bear the prize away,
 In arts as well as arms to Gallia yield,
 And own her happier skill in either field? 100
 See where her boasted d'Ablancourt appears,
 Her Mongaults, Brumoy's, Olivets, Daciers;
 Careful to make each antient's merit known,
 Who just to others fame have rais'd their own;
 Nor wonder these shou'd claim superior praise; 105
 A nation thanks them, and a monarch pays.
 Far other fate attends our hireling bard;
 A sneer his praise, a pittance his reward,

The

and affected manner, transposing words, and placing the verb at the end of the sentence, according to the Latin idiom. He was called in his life-time Tacitus Gordon.

Lin. 99. *To Gallia yield.* It was said by a great wit in the last war, that he should never doubt of our success, if we could once bring ourselves to hate the French as heartily as we do the arts and sciences. It is indisputable, that they are more warmly encouraged, and consequently more cultivated and improved in France than amongst us. Their translations (especially in prose) are acknowledged to be more faithful and correct, and in general more lively and spirited than ours.

Lin. 101. The French had so high an opinion of d'Ablancourt's merit as to think him deserving of the following epitaph:

L'illustre d'Ablancourt repose en ce tombeau,
 Son genie à son siècle a servi de flambeau,
 Dans ses fameux écrits toute la France admire
 Des Grecs & des Romains les précieux trésors;
 A son trépas on ne peut dire
 Qu'il peul le plus, des vivans ou des morts.

The butt of wit, and jest of every muse,
 Foes laugh to scorn, and even friends abuse, 119
 The great Translator bids each dunce translate,
 And ranks us all with Tibbald and with Tate.

BUT know, whate'er proud Art hath call'd her own,
 The breathing canvas, and the sculptur'd stone,
 The poets verse; 'tis Imitation all; 115
 Great Nature only is Original.
 Her various charms in various forms express'd,
 They best have pleas'd us, who have copy'd best;
 And those still shine more eminently bright,
 Who shew the goddess in the fairest light. 120

So when great Shakespear to his Garrick join'd,
 With mutual aid conspire to rouse the mind,
 'Tis not a scene of idle mimickry,
 'Tis Lear's, Hamlet's, Richard's self we see;
 We feel the actor's strength, the Poet's fire; 125
 With joy we praise, with rapture we admire,

The great Translator, &c. Pope in his epistle to Arbuthnot, after his enumeration of dunces, concludes with these two Lines.

All these my modest satire bade translate,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate. Ver. 189.
 I make no doubt, but the very despicable light, in which Translation is here represented, may have deterred many from engaging in it, who would perhaps have made no contemptible figure in that branch of literature.

To see such pow'rs within the reach of art,
 And Fiction thus subdue the human heart.

WHEN Sarto's pencil trac'd the faithful line,
 So just each stroke, so equal the design, 130
 That pleas'd he saw astonish'd Julio stand;
 Nor know his own, nor Raphael's magic hand;
 Blushing to find himself enamour'd grown
 Of rival charms and beauties not his own.

THEIRS be the task to comment and translate, 135
 Like these who judge, like these who imitate.

UNLESS an author like a mistress warms,
 How shall we hide his faults, or taste his charms,
 How

Lin. 129. Andrea del Sarto, being desired by Frederic duke of Mantua to copy a picture of Leo X. did it with so much justness, that Julio Romano, who drew the drapery of that piece under Raphael, took his copy for the original, and said to Vasari, "Don't I see the strokes that I struck with my own hand; but Vasari shewing him Del Sarto's mark, he was convinced of his mistake.

The story is told at large in the 27th chapter of the first book of De Pile's Art of Painting.

Lin. 137. *Unless, &c.* Roscommon says,

"Chuse then an author as you chuse a friend."

Perhaps the image is better drawn from the more lively passion.

How all his modest, latent beauties find,
 How trace each lovelier feature of the mind, 1140
 Soften each blemish, and each grace improve,
 And treat him with the dignity of love?

'Tis not enough that, fraught with learning's store,
 By the dim lamp the tasteless critic pore,
 'Tis not enough that wit's misguiding ray 1145
 Uncertain glance, and yield a doubtful day,
 Not ev'n when both by partial nature giv'n
 United bless the favourite of heav'n;
 Unless, by secret sympathy combin'd,
 The faithful glass reflects its kindred mind; 1150
 Unless from soul to soul th' imparted fire
 Congenial catch and kindle warm desire;
 Ev'n such as lives in Rowe's enraptur'd strain,
 And gives Pharfalia to our eyes again,
 Where glowing in each animated line, 1155
 We see the fiery soul of Lucan shine;

Or

Lin. 1145. *Unless by secret, &c.* A bias of inclination towards a particular author, and a similarity of genius in the translator seem more immediately necessary than wit or learning.

Lin. 1156. See Rowe's translation of Lucan's Pharfalia, at the end of which is a short supplement written in the true spirit of the original.

Or such as gilds the fair historic page,
 For Smith reserv'd to grace our latter age;
 Such as o'er Dryden all its influence shed,
 And bade his muse recall the mighty dead, 160
 Such as in Pope's extensive genius shone,
 And made immortal Homer all our own.

VIEW all that proud antiquity displays,
 Count o'er her boasted heirs of endless praise,
 Who thought so nobly or who wrote so well, 165
 Britain can shew th' illustrious parallel.
 Methinks I hear each venerable shade
 For base neglect his genuine sons upbraid.
 Why wou'd not Congreve Afer's charms revive,
 Or tender Hammond bid Tibullus live? 170
 Plautus had pleas'd in Vanbrugh's looser page,
 And Otway shou'd have trod the Græcian stage;
 Lucian wou'd shine unveil'd by Swift alone,
 And Tully calls in vain for Middleton;
 A Livy's sense demands a St. John's stile, 175
 And Plato asks a Melmoth or a Boyle.

Ev'n

Lin. 158. See Smith's translation of Thucydides, lately published.

Lin. 162. If Pope had never produced any thing but his noble translation of Homer, it had been sufficient to have established his reputation as a poet.

Lin. 170. Hammond, author of Love elegies.

Ev'n now there are, e'er learning take her flight,
 And gothic darkness spread a second night;
 Tho' science droop, and ling'ring arts decay,
 There are, who gild the evening of our day.
 Once more behold, majestic in her tears,
 By Gray adorn'd, fair Elegy appears,
 Whilst by her side the soft Elfrida stands,
 And all our love and all our grief demands;
 With Roman spirit Johnson's manly page
 Rises severe to scourge a venal age;
 Brown draws the pen in sacred truth's defence,
 And Armstrong paints his own benevolence.
 From antient models these exalted few
 Their fairest forms and bright ideas drew;
 We know the fountain whence the waters came,
 Nor wonder at the clearness of the stream.
 YET still, fair Greece, we see thy girlands torn,
 We see thee still thy widow'd altars mourn.

Lin. 182. See Elegy in a Country churchyard.

Lin. 183. Elfrida, by Mr. Mason.

Lin. 184. Samuel Johnson, author of the Rambler, and also of two fine imitations of Juvenal.

Lin. 187. See Essay on the Characteristics of Lord Shaftsbury.

Lin. 188. See an epistle on Benevolence, by Dr. Armstrong, author of a poem on Health, one of the best performances in the English language.

On us thy heroes still indignant frown, 195
 Or look with awful indignation down;
 The tears of Rome for injur'd learning flow,
 And Athens grieves that Britain is her foe.

WILL you not rise then, O! you sons of fame,
 To vindicate the Greek and Roman name? 200
 On friends oppress'd your gen'rous aid bestow,
 And pay the debt of gratitude you owe?
 Or can you still their wrongs unpitying see,
 Nor social join with Warton and with Me?

WHILST round his brows the Mantuan ivy twine,
 Cautious to tread in Attic paths be mine; 206
 To fame unknown, but emulous to please,
 Trembling I seek th' immortal Sophocles.

GENIUS of Greece, do thou my breast inspire
 With some warm portion of thy poet's fire, 210
 From hands profane defend his much-lov'd name;
 From cruel Tibbald wrest his mangled fame;

E

Give

Lin. 204. Mr. Warton has lately published a new translation of the eclogues and georgics of Virgil, and joined it to Mr. Pitt's excellent translation of the *Æneid*.

Lin. 212. Tibbald (or Theobald) translated two or three plays of Sophocles, and threaten'd the public with more.

Give him once more to bid the heart o'er-flow
 In graceful tears, and sympathizing woe;
 A father's death while soft Electra mourn, 215
 Or shed her sorrows o'er a brother's urn;
 Or fair Antigone her griefs relate;
 Or poor Tecmeffa weep her hapless state;
 Or OEdipus revolve the dark decrees of fate.
 Cou'd I like him the various passions move, 220
 Granville wou'd smile, and Chesterfield approve;
 Each letter'd son of science wou'd commend,
 Each gentle muse wou'd mark me for her friend;
 Isis well-pleas'd wou'd join a sister's praise,
 And Cam applauding consecrate the lays. 225

11: 7: 19





Speedily will be Publish'd,

PROPOSALS

For Printing by SUBSCRIPTION,

SOPHOCLES.

Translated into Blank VERSE,

By THOMAS FRANCKLIN,
Fellow of Trinity-College, and Professor in
the University of CAMBRIDGE.



PROPOSALS

FOR THE

REDEMPTION

OF THE

SLAVES

IN THE
WEST INDIES

AND